

## Fought Bears on Ice

(Boston Journal.)

Lost in the fog 200 miles off Bonaville, N. H., Newfoundland, the Gloucester schooner Helen P. Whitten, was ninety-two hours without food or water.

Waking one morning to see a mighty Arctic iceberg floating on the ocean a mile away, they attempted to land on it. They knew that high up among the jagged peaks that glistened in the sunlight there must be cascades of water. They attempted to land, and were driven off by a vicious polar bear who baffled every attempt of the famished men to clamber upon the ice and shake their thirst.

The Helen P. Whitten is as trim and well built a fishing schooner as Gloucester men ever put to sea in. She has a neat pair of heels, and her captain, Frank Whitten, knows the temper and moods of old ocean as well as any viking that ever sailed the deep.

The men were out in a small boat, working over their trawls when a dense fog suddenly shut down over them. They had started to pull back to the ship when the fog swirled around them, they being only a mile away, but in the brisk wind that sprang up they were blown away, and as night settled down over the sea and they could no longer hear the signals of their comrades on the schooner they began to grow anxious. Gloucester men are used to sudden death. They meet danger in many forms with iron courage and hearts of oak, but as these men tossed up and down in the ever-freshening sea they began to think seriously of their condition.

With no sails, with only two pairs of oars, and with neither compass nor food, their lot would be a bad one if, in the morning, they found themselves upon a trackless ocean with no ships in sight.

And this was just what they did find. The morning broke clear and bright after a sleepless night. Far as the eye could see there was a sign of sail or steamer smoke. The wind was kicking up the little waves and tossing each one with white caps. The great swell of the ocean was monotonous to the men confined in the little boat. Long before the sun actually rose they had turned the nose of the boat around and began to row with all their might toward the west, knowing that there, down below the horizon, was Newfoundland, and a path that would take them home to Gloucester.

In those long hours, while the sea grew brighter and brighter and they strained at the oars, the captain thought of the little sister waiting for him at home, and James remembered the wife and children who might watch from the little harbor of Gloucester with tear-filled eyes and watch in vain.

The men who go down to the sea in boats from Gloucester leave warm and loving hearts behind—but men must work and women must weep. And the yearly memorial service in the old fishing town bears pathetic testimony to the number of widows and orphans.

All these things the men remembered. Would some passing ship see their frail cockleshell, and the wailing cry come to their aid? They knew that they must be somewhere near the path of passing ships. They had seen the great steamers plowing their noses through the water and fog heading to and from Europe and Boston and New York, and once on the trip out they had been suddenly turned out of their bunk at midnight to stand by to man the boats should they be struck by one of these grayhounds of the sea like Gloucester men should the monster howl over them and smash on its way.

They hoped that at night the ocean steamers would give them a wide berth.

As they tugged at the oars they began to feel more and more the need of food, and the nibbling of their dry throats reminded them of the dry throats of lost fishermen without water. Jasso looked down at his rude fisherman's cap, and tried to make a meal of it. He thanked God that as a last resort they had this to speed their souls from starvation and choking thirst.

The dancing, cruel water mocked their thirst. Yet they knew that to drink it meant sure and terrible insanity and suffering. At about 10 o'clock in the morning they put down their oars to rest. Along the southern horizon skirted the topsails of a great ship, but it was so far away that those on it did not see the pathetic signals of the two men in the boat. They did not see the boat at all.

Roberts found the stump of a cigar in the lining of his coat, and they lit it, taking turns at pulling the fragrant, invigorating tobacco smoke from it. Then they tried to get some sleep, but lives and trying to invent some way of escape. As they grew hungrier and fainter they stopped talking and began to rev again, always going toward the west, or what they judged was the west.

Late in the afternoon they stopped rowing, and, being tired out, went to sleep. It was not until they awoke. They again began rowing, but at midnight gave it up and began talking. Finally they went to sleep again.

At sunrise Roberts sat up and gave a shout.

Towering into the sky like a great glistening diamond, its ragged peaks burning in all the colors of the rainbow as the sun's rays struck them, was a mighty iceberg. It was over a mile away, and was the most glorious sight that either of the men had ever seen.

"We rowed toward it with all our fading strength," said Jasso, "for we knew that there, at least, we should find fresh water. The high peaks were already melting in the sun, and came down from their ragged heights as tumbling noisy little cascades of water, falling into the fairland of valleys below. These tiny streams danced in the sunlight and shined like mountain brooks in spring.

"We were nearly delirious with delight, and we laughed so that we could hardly pull our hands away from our eyes. Our laughter was hysterical, maniacal, and we knew all the time that it was the borderland of insanity. I could imagine the horrible battle that would have taken place between two insane, maniacal sailors after they had passed the line of human endurance and had fallen upon each other to slake their thirst and appease their hunger. I thought of all these things as we dragged the heavy boat toward the berg. And I thought of the cottage door at home in Gloucester, with my little wife looking down the street to see if her man was coming—and all the time I laughed like a fool from sheer delight at the sight of water, fresh water, that we could drink.

"Along the western side of the berg the ice shelved down to the water's edge so that we could have clambered upon it from the boat. It was not more than six feet above the water. In a moment we were upon the ice, and we were scratching of ice up above and a monstrous white bear, the biggest one that I ever saw, came running to the edge of the berg and stood there howling and barking at us.

"When the iceberg broke away from the glacier that was its mother in the great northland, the bear had been on it and had been carried away with it. In the end, when this great berg has entirely melted in the oceans to the south, this bear will swim till he can paddle no longer, and then he will drown.

"But now he stood there with his mouth open, showing his purple-blue gums and great, strong white teeth. That he had eaten up everything on the berg and was now fiercely hungry was shown by the emaciated condition of his body and the lean and lank muscles under his shaggy hide.

"Is that a bear?" asked Roberts, or is my head going back on me?"

"I told him that I could see it, too, and we hastily pulled away from the ice, and now and then as we were trying to scramble down into the water, fearing that he would do so, we rowed for the open sea again, and in a minute the great brute leaped off and swam after us. When he came up so that we could hit him we struck him with the butt of an oar till he turned and swam away. He must have been very weak, or he would have attacked us. With one blow of his great paw he could have smashed our boat easily.

"We saw him scramble back upon the berg and stand hilling and swinging from side to side as he watched us.

"We gave up landing for water, but after dark we rowed around to the other side of the berg and broke up pieces of ice that were only partly salt. This strengthened us, and we lay in the lee of the berg where the water was smooth all night. In the morning the bear was still watching us from the berg, and when he again plunged into the water we rowed away as fast as we could. He gave up the chase and returned after swimming about two miles.

## KENTUCKIAN LIKED MSC

(Washington Post.)

"When I was with Remenyi," said a Washingtonian, who many years ago was the press agent for the eminent Hungarian violin virtuoso, "I used often to be diverted by the amazing surprises he was fond of springing on persons who, not being aware of his identity, were of course unfamiliar with his almost incredible proficiency with his instrument. Remenyi was very fond of America and Americans and had a remarkable knowledge of American history for a man of his nativity and training, and liked to visit American spots of historic interest.

"One afternoon down in Kentucky we drove to visit Ashland, Henry Clay's old home. Remenyi had no engagement to play that evening and so we made the return trip in an easy drive. Along toward dark we passed a little tumble-down cabin, in front of which, seated on a rough-hewn bench, a gaunt man was fiddling—I say fiddling, advisedly.

"Pull up," said Remenyi to me—I was driving—and we will listen."

"So I stopped the pair in the road in front of the cabin and Remenyi cocked his head sideways so as to catch the 'music,' a queer smile of amusement flickering around the corners of his mouth. The gaunt man didn't appear to take any notice whatever of our stopping in front of his cabin, but went right ahead with his weird rendition of 'Old Zip Coon.'"

"That is a first-rate instrument he is playing on," said Remenyi to me in his peculiar Magyar accent, but the music," and he chuckled quietly.

"After playing 'Old Zip Coon' about fifteen times without once stopping, the gaunt man on the bench swung into 'Little Brown Jug,' which he performed about the same number of times, to the enormous delight of the six young ones, all apparently of the same approximate age, and his corn-sucking wife, who emerged from the cabin and gathered around the bench as he sawed away.

"When he had finally wound up his 'Little Brown Jug' performance and rested the violin and bow on his knee, Remenyi climbed out of the carriage and advanced toward the cabin and, hitching the horses to a roadside tree, I followed him.

"Remenyi had been cordially received by the gaunt man, and was examining the violin when I reached the cabin. 'This violin he is playing on is a genuine Jacobus Steiner, and a good one,' Remenyi was saying to the owner of the instrument. 'Have you had it long?'

"It has been kicking 'round these yere parts 'r nigh on to a hundred year, I reckon, stranger," was the gaunt man's reply. 'My great-granddad, I know he all had it an' played on it, an' I don't know who all done had it 'fore my great-granddad. A middlin' good fiddle, I reckon, stranger?'

"A beautiful instrument," replied Remenyi, enthusiastically, as he thrummed the strings.

"Yo' all do any fiddlin'?" inquired the gaunt man.

"Occasionally I play some," replied Remenyi, and he adjusted the instrument under his chubby chin, picked up the bow and swept the strings with a noble, crashing chord. Then he started in to play a Hungarian rhapsody, filled with weird minor chords movements, of dazzling difficulty and beauty.

"The gaunt man gazed at the short, stocky Hungarian with an expression of utter, overwhelming amazement in his eyes for a moment. Then he leaned back on the bench, crossed his legs, and, with a drooping jaw and closed eyes, he listened. The wife knocked the ashes out of her corn-cob and plumped herself on the ground, cross-legged.

"The young ones, with their fingers in their mouths, watched against saplings beside the cabin, their bright eyes filled with wonder. After a tremendous finale to the Hungarian rhapsody Remenyi wasn't aware of much that was going on around him when he got into the spirit of performance—glided into the tender little Swiss 'Berceuse' that sounded like the murmur of a distant brook.

"The gaunt man still leaned back on the rough-hewn bench, with closed eyes. Remenyi played three or four more pieces, all of them marked by his phenomenal technique and tone, and then he moved the violin from beneath his chin and gazed about him with a queer smile, as of a man awakening.

"He had ceased for fully half a minute before he showed that he was his eyes. Then, without a word, he got up from the bench and went into the cabin. In a moment he emerged from the cabin, carrying in his hands an old, bell-crowned beaver hat of the vintage of the thirties or forties. He placed the old, bell-crowned beaver on the ground, brim downward, right in front of the puzzled Remenyi, and then he stood up, cleared his throat, looked squarely at Remenyi and said:

"Stranger, times he bin middlin' haid with me fo' some yers beak, an' I kin see I all kin see I kin see I kin see I ain't got any thing that 'mounts to anythin' 'centin' that 'ol' high hat yo' all hat used to be worn on th' haid o' Henry Clay, an' my fo'ke' he owned an' treasured an' cherished that hat fo' a good many year. But, stranger, and here the man's voice became hoarse with feeling, 'yo' all, suh, kin take yo' two fer an' jes' jump on that hat an' once kivered th' haid o' Henry Clay, an' yo' all's welcome to do it as th' day is long, suh!'

"Theatrical Pay-days. (New York Press.)

Every legitimate theatre in New York has two pay days—union and non-union. The union employees, which include the men in the orchestra, the stage hands, property men and stage carpenters, are paid, as their union regulations demand, on Saturday night. The actors, who have no union, are not paid until Tuesday, although their week ends on Saturday night.

Their salaries are held up two days merely to insure their re-appearance at the theatre on Monday. If the company were paid off on Saturday night, undoubtedly the members of the organization might not show up on Monday for rehearsal or the evening performance, thus weakening the production; but if the week's salary is held back they are reasonably sure to report on Monday, in order not to lose what is coming to them. Actors are distinctly temperamental and capricious, and if a manager were to pay them off on Saturday night and they were off on Sunday night and there was any temporary dissatisfaction in the company, he could never tell whether or not he would have a chorus with which to open up the week on Monday evening.

At the vaudeville houses, where the bill changes weekly, the performers, as a rule, are paid on Saturday during the matinee performance, so that they may make their arrangements for getting out of town to the next stand directly after their evening appearance.

POPULAR NORTH BEACH. Many Inquiries Concerning Favorite North Pacific Coast Resort.

Many Utah people spent their vacation last year at North (Long) Beach, Wash., reached by the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company. From Portland it is taken and 100 miles of the lower Columbia river and coast makes most reasonable at all North Beach place. For particulars and 1903 summer book call at city ticket office, 201 Main St.

Repulsive Features. Blackheads, pimples, greasy faces and muddy complexions, which are so common among women, especially girls at a certain age, destroying beauty, disfiguring and making repulsive features which would otherwise appear attractive and refined, indicate that the liver is out of order. An occasional dose of Herbine will cleanse the bowels, regulate the liver and so establish a clear, healthy complexion. 50c at the Z. C. M. I. drug department.

# WALKER'S STORE

## Entire Stock of Parasols, at Prices You Like to Pay--Just Half Regular.



INTERESTING news surely. You probably have not yet bought a parasol—they've not been wholly necessary until now. For that very reason we have still an attractive stock to choose from. New and fashionable parasols—every one this season's style. Black taffeta silk, with chiffon trimming, plain or with hem stitching, and some handsomely embroidered; black and white effects, in stripes, checks, dots; fancy silk parasols of many kinds, all white, with dainty trimmings or plain—in short, a parasol to please every one.

Prices begin at 75c and go by easy steps up to \$40 each.

We want to close out entire stock, so a whole week's sale

at--HALF THESE PRICES.

CHILDREN'S PARASOLS. Silk and cotton, in all pretty styles. Entire stock--25c up to \$3 each, Monday and week--HALF PRICES.

ALL THE HANDSOMEST WHITE SHIRT WAISTS IN STOCK GROUPED TO GO AT TWO PRICES.

Up to \$12.75 for--\$5.75.

Up to \$8.50 for--\$3.75.

The handsomest in this stock are the handsomest made. Depend upon that. The most charming waists, those called exclusive, have all been picked from stock to go into this offering, and in something like one hundred scarcely two may be found alike. Beautiful white linen waists with front, collar and cuffs of elaborate drawn work all done by hand, fine mull with dainty lace or fine embroidery trimmings, swiss, lawns, scrims and some others. A splendid chance to get your dressiest shirt waist for little. Two groups and two prices to facilitate the selling.

Those that were \$9 to \$12.75 go at--\$5.75.

The \$7 to \$8.50 at--\$3.75.

Sale begins Monday.

## SURELY NOW'S THE TIME TO BUY SILK PETTICOATS.

Sixty Most Charming Ones at One-Third Off Prices.

In this lot of sixty, twelve styles at least of silk petticoats can you find. Some have several tiny ruffles on a deep flounce, others the two and three ruffle effects, still others with accordion ruffles and tiny ruching to finish, graduated flounces of different depths and so on. Many richly trimmed with lace, cut-out embroidery, ribbons, hemstitching, tucks and cords. Black and colors. A three days' sale—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—and a splendid saving that should be well pondered. Silk petticoats are not often so underpriced.

Sold regularly at \$10 to \$30 each—ONE-THIRD TAKEN OFF THESE PRICES.

## WOMEN'S TAILOR SUITS HALF PRICED.

These are—and should be—rejoicing days for the economically minded. Many and many a woman who believes "a penny saved is worth two earned" will anticipate even the fall dress need and share in this sale. Note how broad is variety—from practical to very dressy—and only half price to pay. Sale begins Monday.

Gray brilliantine suits, serpentine braid trimmed; front panel in skirts, jackets tucked and trimmed with braid. \$18.50 regular reduced to—\$9.25.

Black and white shepherd check suits with tight fitting long jackets, self covered, button trimming, excellently tailored; \$37.50 suits for—\$18.75.

"No!" homespun suits with long tight fitting jacket and plain skirt; strictly tailor style. \$47.50 suits reduced to—\$23.75.

Light gray mixture cloth suits, silver ball buttons, cloth and silk trimming, tiny pockets on front of jackets, suits silk lined thruout. Reduced from \$52.50 to—\$26.25.

Two tone bourette grenadine suits with cut steel, silk and passmen-terrie trimming, silk lined, reduced from \$50 to—\$25.

Blue French twine cloth suits with black silk lace and white coral lace trimmings on waist and skirt, reduced from \$32.50 to—\$16.25.

Blue French twine cloth suits with a novel idea in small plait effect carried out for trimming over entire suit and silk lined thruout, reduced from \$75 to—\$37.50.

Blue voile suits with entire silk foundation, beautifully made, sold at \$77.50, \$87.50 and \$97.50—reduced to—\$38.75, \$43.75 and \$48.75.

Cream batiste cheviot suits, loose weave, trimmed with black and white lace, reduced from \$55 to—\$27.50.

In Notion Store. Feather dusters, the best selected ostrich feathers, 8-inch to 22 inches long and sold at 25c up to \$2 each. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—ONE-THIRD OFF THESE PRICES.

Picture dusters, made of fine selected down, three days instead of \$1.25 each—63c.

Some shell side combs, different shapes, 6c, 7c and 8c a pair kinds, three days at a pair.

Superior quality toilet paper, 500 sheet rolls, sold at 90c a dozen, three days—45c a dozen.

Games of All Kinds at Half Prices. We secured a travelling man's sample line. It represents every kind from a 5c card game to board games at \$2.75 each. But, of course, only one of each. Monday and week—HALF PRICE FOR ANY.

Dolls at Half Prices. Some slightly soiled dolls, 25c up to \$3 kinds. Monday and until gone—HALF REGULAR PRICES.

Again Splendid Reductions on Clearance Groups of Lace Curtains and Portieres. Taking the lots together there isn't a better assortment anywhere. Ample variety. But, broken lines. Which means limitation in the material. Monday and week again a clearance and half price or even less.

Ruffled curtains and lace, formerly sold at \$2 to \$3 a pair, one priced—\$1.25.

Ruffled and lace curtains that were \$5 to \$7.50, one priced—\$2.50.

Some choice lace curtains, broken lines of \$8 to \$15 a pair grades—HALF THESE PRICES.

Tapestry portieres, broken lines of \$5 to \$25 a pair kinds—HALF REGULAR PRICES.

All \$3.50 rope curtains one priced—\$1.75 each.

All remnants of cretons, deans, silkolines and swiss, up to 20c a yard grades, clearance price—5c.

Hammocks, Tabourettes. All the \$1.50 hammocks, regular size with pillow, reduced to—50c.

All \$2.50 hammocks with pillow reduced to \$1.50.

All children's hammocks, \$1.25 regular, for—65c.

Chinese hand-carved tabourettes with onyx tops, \$10 to \$20 regular, reduced to—HALF PRICES.